

THE BYSTANDER



News as It Is Printed.

Uncle Sam's Messenger Service.

Trying to Stop Martin Eagan.

Sidetracking the Returning One.

Wilson and the Argonaut.

When congress convened last month, a great many Honolulu people were decidedly puzzled at a despatch dated from Washington in one of the afternoon papers, which stated that Champ Clark had been duly elected speaker of the house. As everyone but the local interpreter of the cable message knew that the Democratic friends of the Missouriian would not be in a majority until the new congress convened, the elevation of Speaker Cannon's rival was a surprise. However, something else attracted attention and nothing more has been heard of Speaker Clark.

I am reminded of this latest instance of the danger of a little knowledge in Honolulu newspaperdom because of a story from Hilo, which is an instance of the fact that we have nothing the best of the Japanese. A Honolulu wireless to the Big Island announced that Hirano had been fined for "running a blind pig." The Japanese editor seized on the item for his paper, but in no dictionary that he could find was there anything to tell him what a blind pig might be. Finally he wrote the item this way:

Honorable Hirano, who conducts a hostelry in Honolulu, yesterday appeared upon the honorable judge and was found guilty of cruelty to animals, a grave offense. According to news received from the capital, Honorable Hirano cut the eyes out of a pig and rendered the animal blind. Then he ran it through the streets. For running this blind pig he was fined fifty dollars.

The special delivery letter stamp has been on sale at the local postoffice for a long time and the postoffice staff has been on tap for the quick delivery of letters bearing the same, but very few people seem to have "got on" to the fact that their Uncle Sam is standing on tip toe ready to run errands to any point in Honolulu for the small sum of a dime. For the benefit of my friends, I interviewed Postmaster Pratt this week and this is what he tells me:

At any time, between seven in the morning and eleven at night, a letter dropped into the "City" slot at the postoffice with ten cents worth of stamps on it in addition to the regular postage will be toted right out to the address written. The mail box is opened every twenty minutes. As soon as the letter sorter spies a "special delivery" letter he starts a bicycle man off with it. The Postmaster tells me that it is better to write "Special Delivery" very plainly on the letter, in order that it will catch the sorter's eye. If the letter is handed in at the office, it will not have to wait the twenty minutes or less in the box.

This beats the messenger service all to pieces, although I don't want to knock the enterprising youths who do their best to hurry boys around the city with messages and parcels. I only mention it to encourage Uncle Sam. He will take a letter to Waikiki for a dime and do it quickly. For the same sum he will go out as far as Fort Shafter, or any other place within the carrier service limits. For the same sum he will have an answer to your letter brought back to you.

Some people know all about this now, but more do not.

Washington may soon have Martin Eagan in the secretary's office of the White House in place of the present secretary to the President, Mr. Norton, who gave up a fifty thousand a year job to be official steerer for Mr. Taft. If the report is correct, there will be one hustler in the White House, as Eagan allows no grass to grow under his feet. Also, when he knows a thing and wants to tell about it, he tells about it, and it takes a lot to sidetrack him.

A week or two ago, Eagan was in Honolulu, passing through from the Philippines. When at home in Manila he is the managing director and editor of the Manila Times and as such was an object of interest to the labor bureau of the planters' association. The Times has had considerable to say about Filipinos leaving their happy homes to come to Honolulu, when they were wanted to do their brow sweating nearer home, consequently it was decided to take him in hand here, show him around and let him see that the Filipino laborer in Hawaii was fat, happy and fairly clean, no matter what he might be in his native jungles. Along with Eagan were taken two local newspapermen and W. O. Smith and Winifred Babbitt were the official escorts.

Naturally the chat in the auto en route to the plantations was about Filipinos, Filipino habits, Filipino desires, and, finally, Filipino diseases. Being a guest, the labor bureau twain didn't like to interrupt too abruptly, but any conversation about sickness and Filipinos seemed to disturb. Finally, to cap the climax, the Manila man entered upon a description of his own experience with one or two of the especial Filipino ailments they freely share with the Americans.

"When Lunallilo was the king —," broke in W. O. Smith, gently, in a reminiscent tone of voice.

"So I went to the hospital every day for eighty-three days —," continued Eagan, failing to notice the desire of one of his hosts to switch the conversation.

"Have a cigar, Eagan," broke in Mr. Babbitt. "Have two cigars. Take a pocketful."

"Thanks," responded the visitor. "As I was saying, I went to the hospital every day for —."

"I think it was in the legislature of '07 —."

"It was pretty tough, but lots of the others went through the same —."

"After we got back to town, let's go to the University Club —."

"Moses Clegg says it is as bad or worse for a white man —."

Just then there was a blizzard. Whether Smith or Babbitt jabbed the tire is a matter for guesswork, but they shook hands behind the machine as the three newspapermen began talking shop and let the subject of communicable diseases drop.

Some one slipped an item over on the Onlooker, the genial Saturday writer in the Star, in yesterday's issue. Onlooker has been away from Honolulu, otherwise he would never have made any reference to "mealy mouthed and invalid sentimentality as was lately evoked from the morning press." That issue was in regard to a very much anti-Japanese article in the Star, written in a moment of spite because a writer on that paper had been called down for a captions criticism of Editor Sheba's effort to promote a better understanding between local Japanese and Americans. Instead of meeting Mr. Sheba on the broad issues he outlined, the Man About Town or the editor, whichever it was, grabbed up a few points of petty local differences and argued upon them. The Onlooker would never have taken that stand, travel, as we take it, having broadened him and given him a viewpoint that is not narrowly anti-Japanese or anti-Japanese. The Onlooker, we trust, will be ever ready to go deeper than the pigment of the skin and to read into the published words of a man what aspirations and hopes there may be behind the bare syllables.

My Dear Bystander:—It has evidently done the Man in the Tailor Shop good to take a vacation. He appears to have come back loaded to the guards with new ones. And, of course, they are good. But I fear that he has been eating some of the food that was intended for his goose and it has highly excited his imagination. Or else, some one has given him a bum steer.

He sprang a new story yesterday about a certain literary man well known in Honolulu. It was a good story, an excellent story. There is only one fault to find with it—it is not true.

The story is to the effect that John Fleming Wilson recognized today as one of the best short story writers in the United States, seized the Argonaut after the earthquake and fire and for a week ran it himself at San Jose, although he "had enjoyed no connection with the great weekly for years."

The fact of the matter is, as I happen to know, that John Fleming Wilson was at that time, and had been for a year, editor of the Argonaut under the proprietorship of Jerome Hart. When the earthquake and fire occurred, Wilson rushed down to the office of the Argonaut and rescued the mailing list and books—they were later burned while Wilson was engaged in carrying an invalid lady to Fort Mason. I know this as I was with Wilson at the time, he and I having been living together for several months.

Wilson did take the Argonaut to San Jose and got out the issue for the week on schedule time, so that the paper did not miss an issue. Further, he divided the money he happened to have in his pocket with the other employees of the Argonaut—it was never repaid by the publication.

A few days later Wilson had an altercation with Jerome Hart and severed his connection with the Argonaut. The story of his seizing a paper with which he had no connection is a good one. But, as I remarked before, it has the fault of being without foundation. Some of his dear friends in San Francisco seem to have been putting one over on him. Yours, JOSHIE BLUFFEM.

The Maui News is sure the enterprising journal. This week it has an editorial interview with Aviator Moissant on "Looks Into the Future," and Moissant hasn't been dead quite a month yet. That's real enterprise.

The Bulletin is against commission government because it takes all the power away from the people and the Star is advising people to go slow because commission government gives too much power to the people. Striking the average between the two, it appears that The Advertiser must be about near it when it thinks that the plan would give the people more power to transfer to representatives in office and sufficient to keep them good while they are there. Corporation stockholders have the referendum and recall to use if they want to, while the directors run the business, but no one hears of frequent changes in directorates or any particular butting in on the part of the interested ones so long as things go well.

It is mighty hard to get away from the cosmopolitanism of this city of ours, although to refer to it is to be guilty almost, of bromidism. Take the week just ended, for instance, which wound up in a mingled chorus of: "Hoeh der Kaiser!", "Konohi fat choy!" and "Hoot mon!"

Small Talks

LOCAL CHINESE—Konohi fat choy, folks.

CHIEF WALKER—It's a braw night we had whatefer.

RUBBER GROWERS—"Hawaiian Rubber" can stretch with the best of them.

THEATRICAL COMBINE—We are in for keeps and deadheads don't cut any ice with us.

SCOTTISH THISTLE CLUB—We'll hae a cup and quaff a cup for the days o' Auld Lang Syne.

GOVERNOR FREAR—Haul up the flag of Progress and the less machinery we can do it with the better.

CHINESE CONSUL—I saw nothing, heard nothing and above all did nothing. Resign! Say, quit your joshing.

CAPTAIN SOULE—Coming back to Honolulu from Lanai always makes me think of the time I got back to New York from Bar Harbor.

SENATOR CHILLINGWORTH—The resolution of want of confidence in the Governor was not to come from the senate; it was to have originated in the house. But it is all over now.

SIMPSON DECKER—I want to register as a member of the Come-Back Club. I came to the Islands in '77, went away for awhile, but twenty-one years ago I hustled back to good old Hawaii—and I've been here ever since.

H. C. MOHR—Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, and Robert W. Breckons are both graduates of Georgetown University, the former having the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him in 1892, and the latter the degree of LL.B. two years earlier.

I. M. COX—Many citizens seem to think that Honolulu is spending a good deal of money on the public schools. She is. And she is to be congratulated on every dollar thus expended. We are, in fact, spending annually for public education almost one-fifth as much money as we spend annually for SODA WATER!

KONOHI

The cook has left his pots and pans, the yardboy's fled to town, The laundryman is missing and the milk jug's upside down; Nor hide nor hair of Chinaman about the place we see— The wearers of the pigtails all are keeping Konohi.

Konohi, oh, Konohi,
Chop suey, shark fins, samchu and Hehee
We've lost our cook and yardboy,
Our good boy and our hard boy—
They are whooping up the feast of Konohi.

Home cooking is our fate and lot for several dismal days,
The merits of our mothers' pies shall we full often praise;
Next week clean shirts will reign again, and milk will grace the tea,
For Sing and Wing will have returned from keeping Konohi.

Konohi, madd'ning Konohi,
Your clothes are marred with soapuds and
Your hands are sights to see;
The Chinese and their revel
You direct to seek the devil,
With all the heathen rites of Konohi.

The Situation in Cuba

The Nation.

Gen. Loynaz del Castillo, a candidate for the presidency of Cuba, announces that there will be war there only if President Gomez should seek reelection. We do not think that he very greatly exaggerates. The Gomez administration has sunk so low that it is openly accused both of corruption and of instigating assassination. Thus, La Discusion of Havana has recently said: "It is undeniable that a shivering sensation is passing over the whole country on account of this system of ordering men killed." La Lucha estimates the number of mysterious "removals" at twenty-seven within the past year. All of the Havana anti-Gomez newspapers have declared that the offense for which Gen. Pino Guerra was retired from the army was getting well after he had been shot at the president's door by a police lieutenant, whose escape was in no wise hindered. Nobody is punished for crimes of this kind. In brief, Cuba has about the worst government it has ever had, and this must be particularly mortifying because it is to Mr. Taft and to the second American intervention that Gomez owes his office. If some sound conservative is not elected to succeed him, there are certainly treacherous times in store for Cuba, and, we fear, fresh complications for the United States.

SIDELIGHTS

WORMS.

The community seems to be unduly worked up over worms. Every one is talking in terms of worms; reducing worm to mathematical equations; glorifying worms; knocking worms; even eating worms. There is a come-back editor talking about cabbage worms and snakes; Ben Bruns is discoursing on tapeworms; Doctor Ramus and the planters' association are at odds over the characteristics and habitats of hookworms; even the board of health is engrossed with wigglers.

All visible maladies seem to be traceable to the influence of the worm. He is all permeating. He is everywhere. My Japanese yard boy has him, getting the hook, he says, from the "Pilopilo," which I understand to be the Hawaiian equivalent for Filipino, selected because of its literal translation of "a bad smell."

Is there trouble in the camp? It is no longer "Cherchez la femme," but "Cherchez le ver." A disease threatened community rears up and balks over being the target for a multitude of microbes incubated in a multitude of tenements. "Ah, but Madame, the tenements are wormeaten. We can do nothing."

Mortality among infants in Chinatown is greater this past year, than in the four years preceding through the increased congestion. "Ah, but Madame, the oriental fabric of life is wormridden. We can do nothing."

As will be observed, he has crept even into our poetry. Our fiction is riddled with them, probably bookworms. Such choice fiction as the building ordinance, for instance, is by this time probably so full of holes made by the accommodating bookworm that there is nothing left but the "therefores" and "aforeseconds."

VIVE HANAHANA.

In the course of human events and particularly those human events immediately succeeding instructions to my husband to pay bills or mail letters, I was placed in the necessity during the week of going to the water department and depositing my contribution to the tin main system. Waiting for my receipt, I noticed a hesitation, guilty motions, fearfulness, even, on the part of my attending clerk.

At times he would start hastily and disappear inside a door, emerging therefrom a minute later blushing like a bride or a smuggling corporation. There were no attendants in the whole water department who was not acting as was my clerk, to a more or less degree. The sewer department clerks was physical wrecks. A hasty glance in the public works department revealed a limp and lifeless architect spreadeagled out on the floor. In another department still was a battery of maniacs frantically drawing plans on blue paper.

I investigated. The details of my investigation are eclipsed by their results. In a back room, six by six or probably a trifle larger, sat a well-proportioned man sitting at a desk writing his name to a pile of papers stacked as high as possible. Doubtless practising penmanship. Occasionally he would run his palm calmly and absently over his forehead and call for a clerk. The clerk, as if he was on springs, would appear like magic, with his knees trembling with his haste. Then he would call for another clerk. Sometimes he would hand them papers. Sometimes they would hand him papers. Once he sent for an architect.

"Give me a two-story building back of the judiciary building, please," he remarked calmly.

"Wh-wh-wh-k-k-kind of a b-b-building, sir?" says the architect.

"A hall of records, of course, hurry up," says the well-proportioned gentleman.

He gets his hall of records. He calls another.

"I want Jones," he says.

"J-J-Jones is in the l-l-l-land of-fice please, s-s-sir," says the clerk.

"Jones hasn't any business in the land office. Tell him to come here," says the gentleman. Shortly Jones appears, trembling.

"Jones, fix me up a drainage system for Kalihi, w-i-k-i-w-i-k-i," says the gentleman, signing his name to a paper marked land patent, though, how he can patent land is beyond my comprehension.

"And, say, Jones, tell the Governor to step this way, please."

"But the G-G-Governor, is up s-t-t-tairs, sir," says Jones.

"The Governor hasn't any business up stairs. Tell him to come here," says the gentleman.

Jones departs with a pained face.

"Say, er, Jones," says the gentleman, coming to with a start, as Jones departs. "Never mind bothering the Governor just now. You might just as well include Nuuanu in that drainage system. Tell Miss Dwight that I'm going to take a run over to Kula to take a look at that new forest for Mr. Hosmer and that I will be back in time to survey that land at Kalihi for the land board. That's all, Jones."

Men are such absurd creatures. When I have to clean house I always get a Japanese to do it. But men will always make such a show of themselves.

UNSTUDIED EVOLUTION.

I have been very much interested in listening to explanation of theories on evolution of thought. I don't understand it a bit, but you can use such lovely big words when you are fairly well up in it that it is a real asset in society, nowadays.

My expositor has such a curious way of drawing examples that it sounded really ridiculous, but my husband said it was very well done. I presume it was to exhibit his intellectuality which certainly passeth all understanding. "We will assume a thought to have existed a great many years ago," as my expositor puts it. It does not seem to matter particularly what kind of a thought it was.

Then we give it a hop, skip and a jump and land it in Honolulu west of Nuuanu avenue in the year Anno Domini 1911. Then we assume another thought to have existed a little later than the first one and evolve it with another hop, skip and a jump to the east side of Nuuanu avenue.

Out of this second thought we evolve lava-built houses, baby's bibs, constitutions, talcum toilet powders, sponges, municipal acts, soaps, real estate agents and bitulithic pavement.

Out of the first idea we do not seem to have to evolve so much. Only an ability to play pai-kau (whatever that is) on a profit of one mill on the dollar, and support a family of sixteen, pay enumeration taxes and pay bail money out of what is left. I really don't understand this at all, but my husband does.

Then we "evolve" the second idea further and make a building ordinance out of it. As I understand it we tell some men to make it a law and the first idea then continues its evolution, merges with the second idea after some centuries of individual evolution and makes a noise like five hundred votes. This seems to do away with a necessity for a building ordinance, though why, I don't see.

Everybody said this was extremely artistic, but it seemed so absurd. I insisted on my husband explaining how it affected us and he replied that after the two thoughts were carefully evolved our servant girl went home one evening to her tenement room, which was not changed by a building ordinance, contracted amoebic dysentery and gave it to our baby. Then, says my husband, the baby dies and we pay the funeral expenses.

I don't like evolution of thought.

PLAYTIME.

I think a much nicer evolution took place when the kindergarten association made arrangements for a big playground in Chinatown. Besides it was real evolution. Evolution of thought never seems to do anything except evolve just as if it couldn't find leverage enough to boost itself out of an orbital transit, as my expositor puts it.

My husband says that the playground will only save a few hundred children's lives at the most, and the evolution of thought, made applicable to governmental forms saves whole nations.

The only thing I like about evolution of thought is the big words.

INTERESTING TO MOTHERS—HOW TO CURE COUGHS AND COLDS.

There is one subject which always interests the mothers of young children, and that is how to treat their coughs and colds, or to ward off a threatened attack of croup. For this purpose we can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It always proves beneficial. In case of croup it should be given as soon as the coughy cough appears, so as to prevent the attack. Keep it at hand ready for instant use. Many mothers do so, and it saves them much needless. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaii.

Frank Flores, a Porto Rican, was yesterday arrested for an attempted assault on Aze, a Japanese at the corner of Maunakea and Hotel street. Flores' pocket-knife is now evidence against him.